

**It's almost 2am,
why are you calling
me?**

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Summary:

Richie goes through huge trouble at home with his parents and the only person he wants to turn to is Stanley Uris, even if it's almost 2am in the damn morning.

It's almost 2am, why are you calling me?

Author's Note:

it took me a couple of days to get this done but i finally finished!! here's a little something for a god tier ship that's totally underrated! stozier. my favourites. along with kaspbrough which will come soon ladies and gents!! for now enjoy this story though, starring richie tozier and stanley uris. (also i didn't expect this to actually be so long, i thought it was only a couple thousand words but holy shit over 5,000? i've gone out of my mind people—also this was based off a prompt i saw floating around online so props to creator of the prompt!)

Tears, who knew how unfamiliar and cold they could feel against Richie Tozier's cheeks.

It all felt like bullets to his brain when the sound of his father yelling at his drunken state mother could only be heard in the dead of night. Richie hasn't heard any of this in a long time and didn't expect to hear it again.

'...What if I e-end up finding mom dead on the couch from all the alcohol she's been drinking?' was what he had thought one day. He gave into consideration that with all the alcohol bottles sprawled all over the living room and kitchen, it could be in any day's time.

If that hadn't been the case however, he expected his father to leave with a cheap fucking whore. He'd use her for whatever he wanted her for and Richie didn't want to know why. He didn't want to know why his father didn't love him like any other father did to their sons.

'I-I'm not good enough, am I?' That question always found a way into his head. 'Everybody looks at me like I'm a fucking joke,' Then he would wander off into the darker thoughts. They were thoughts that Richie wish he didn't have to think, yet they creep into his mind like monsters infecting their victims. 'If it had been me instead of Georgie, everybody would have rejoiced. Including my parents, who didn't

have to watch their mopping son mop around the house all day looking for whatever food he could. I'd be better off in the sewer with IT then in this shitty room, living.'

They were daily thoughts that popped into his mind whenever he laid on his bed, body wrapped around his bed comforter as he looked into a blurred nothing. Tonight was no different except, he didn't truly think his father would come home and have a fit with his mother.

A fit? That wasn't the word for this was more than a fit. The sound of banging against the walls and objects breaking can probably be heard from miles away, that's how loud his parents had been. And Richie decided that he had enough of his parents fighting, one of them would kill each other before it ever ended.

With the back of his hand, he brought it up to his cheeks and wiped the warm tears away. The comforter had been pulled off of his body and he managed to grab his glasses and adjust them in the dark. "I'm not dealing with this shit anymore, I've had enough!" The sadness Richie had felt slowly went away as anger soon rose to his face, his cheeks getting a bright red once he made his way downstairs.

He was exposed to the sounds and voices, it was louder than up in his closed-door room and Richie wished he hadn't come home tonight. "I've had enough of you sneaking around with one of your little whores, Went!" Her voice was familiar to the boy standing by the stairs, yet he truly knew that wasn't her voice.

"What am I suppose to do, hm? Stay home to take care of your drunk ass, Maggie! You're a fucking mess! Why I ever married you will forever be questioned in my goddamn mind!" Went, Richie's father, had yelled back like he was verbally stabbing at her already too many mental wounds. "Those 'fucking whores' can do better than sit around all day and drink their life away."

Those words had stuck out to his mother in ways Richie had never seen before. After those words had been spoken, his mother couldn't keep it all bottled up in her anymore before letting it all out.

"You're an asshole!" His mother yelled as she slapped at her husband's face, the shock had spread across Richie's face like wildfire

in which couldn't be processed in such a short amount of time before another sound of a slap filled the room.

Except it wasn't Maggie who slapped her husband again. It was his father who had hit back, the compact he made was much harder than how his mother hit his father. It sent Richie reeling closer to the scene where they stood in the kitchen with nothing but anger pouring out of their bodies.

"Stop i-it! That's enough!" Richie yelled as he paced towards his mother who held her face in her hands. Before he could get to her, his father pushed her against the ground like she was a chair who had been in the way.

Her body looked so fragile that it could break against the floor, especially in the state she's in. "Don't you fucking dare touch her again!" Richie's piercing yell had rang through the neighbourhood before the figure of his father stood before him.

"What did you just say to me, boy?" The tone of Went Tozier's voice was cold and scarring. He grabbed onto Richie's collar, pulling them closer so they were making eye contact.

The breaths that Richie made were ragged and exhausted, would his father really hurt him? Hurt him like he hurt his crying mother that laid against the cold floor?

"I said, don't you fucking touch my mother again." It was no mistake that Richie had given a stern and angry tone with his father. Anything to protect his mother even if all he would ever remember her by was the countless nights of drinking and being asleep on the recliner.

The feeling against Richie's cheek was way more familiar than the tears he felt earlier. The sound of a fist against his face was heard so faintly, it was loud enough for the boy to hear what his father had done.

He was hurting Richie, his own son.

Why couldn't he have normal parents like everyone else? Where the

father would want to be involved with his son in sports or showing him what he did for a living. Those were simple fatherly-love cliché's but they would've been enough for Richie. As long as he had gotten the attention he ever so craved for every single living day, annoying his friends with his remarks and jokes were all he could ever be satisfied with now.

His back against the cold floor was too familiar as well, Henry Bowers would usually be bent over him with those eyes that forever held dark demons in them. Why did his father have those look in his eyes now?

Like he wanted Richie dead?

"You're a waste of a fucking son, you know that? Waste of my sperm." A grin was spread across his fathers cheeks, "You really think I would listen to you? What would you have done?" He couldn't even believe the words he had been hearing! His father saying all of this?

Another sharp pain ignited against his cheek again, a scream that told too many emotions and stories let out and echoed in the house. Blood trickled down to the Trashmouth's lips, his nose now throbbing from the impact. Could it even be a question that his glasses had been broken? Two blows to the face, his glasses had to be broken.

Steaming tears fell down his cheeks again, his voice shaky as he looked up at his father. All the years that Richie spent trying to get his parents attention was all a waste, no space had been left in his fathers heart where he could ever love his own son.

It was then that Richie decided that he was done, done with everyone here in this shitty town. Fourteen years had Richie taken care of himself so why couldn't he just get up and walk away?

Using his shaky legs, he got up from the ground as the anger that never left his fathers eyes looked like they wanted to do worse than what they have already done. His legs began to run towards the stairs, pacing towards his bedroom before skipping into his closet.

Not much clothes were there but whatever he had would do, he's always dealt with so much worse. His main priority had been about

getting out of this hellhole, not to worry about not having much clothes.

Where could he run off to? Surely one of the loser's wouldn't mind. They had been his friends after all.. right? With all the bullshit talk Richie gave them, would they accept him into their house and understand the situation at hand?

With his backpack over his shoulder, his comics and whatever much he had stuffed inside without a care, he grabbed the phone and pressed it against his ear.

Without even thinking, the first number he had dialled had been Stanley Uris' number. The one who despised Richie the most and hated every time the Trashmouth had opened his mouth to speak.

He was the only person he wanted to turn to but never in a million years would the boy ever admit that.

What else he would never admit to was the fact that Stan made him smile more than anybody in the world ever could or ever has. It was fact that only Richie Tozier knew, he would never tell another soul about the way his body felt like it was on fire whenever Stanley would smile at his jokes.

The jokes that were funny, ones that didn't mean to offend anyone or weren't trying to get anyone upset on purpose to spark attention out of them.

Richie didn't know how long these feelings had been inside of his head, causing him to get weak to his knees whenever Stanley would brush his arm against Richie's while they had been walking or at times when Stan would talk to him like he didn't despise his guts and it seemed that for a second, Stanley loved speaking to him which was all Richie strived for in the world.

So when the ringing stopped and silence came with a soft, "Hello? Who is this?" had been heard from the other end, Richie felt like he should hang up. Stan hated him! Why would he want Richie over at his house? Where he could get in trouble by his parents if they found the 14 year-old boy in his room?

Those tears had slowed down their flow, yet some prickling ones continued to slip down his cheeks after a good while. His nose still throbbed and even with a few blows, he knew that it probably was broken. "Stan the man awakes! It's me, uh, Richie." He tried to keep his voice from trembling too much or tried making it sound like he hadn't been crying.

"Jesus Christ, Tozier! It's almost 2am, why are you calling me?" The tone of his voice had been a bit angry which hadn't been too much of a surprise, it was 2am after all and what would you do if your frenemy called at this time?

Richie couldn't tell if he should tell Stanley now and break whatever shield he had left in him. It wasn't like the boy to ever show his true emotions around the others, especially when it came to being upset with his parents at home. "C-C-Can I come over? I n-need to leave this house, Stan." He must've sounded scared.

Could scared even be used for how he felt?

Richie was terrified, terrified that maybe his father would go out of his mind and try and kill his 'waste of a life' son. "P-Please!" He didn't care how eager he sounded to Stan, he just couldn't be here anymore.

Richie leaned against his desk, the phone still in his hand as he wondered what the other boy was thinking. Maybe Stan thought how crazy Richie was and if this was some sort of prank, would Richie do this just to wake him up and mess with him?

"You're stuttering worse than Bill, I can't believe this. The all-talk 'Trashmouth' Richie Tozier is-" Richie couldn't and didn't let Stanley finish his sentence.

The sound of creaking could be heard outside of Richie's door, his heart sinking into his chest. "I'm being fucking s-serious Stan, something happened with my dad and it's bad. He hurt my mom and he hurt me, I'm afraid the worst of worst could happen if I stay. I can't stay here anymore, Stan!" He nearly yelled except in a low whisper. "Yes, the all-talk 'Trashmouth' Richie Tozier is scared out of his fucking mind." It was apparent now that Richie had been crying.

Stan was silent for a few seconds before a soft breath could be heard, "Get out of there, ride here and I'll sneak you into the house. You can explain everything when you get here." No insults. No arguing. Did he dial the wrong number by accident?

A very faint smile curved against Richie's lips as he hung the phone up and put it back into place, the backpack that he had packed was over his shoulders before he had twisted his bedroom door open. The sound of his bedroom door creaked before he ran down the stairs, hoping and praying that wherever his father had been that it wasn't near the door.

Finally, as he reached the front door, he twisted the doorknob and felt free as he ran outside. The street lights was the only thing that illuminated the streets, yet he knew that if he had hurried and didn't run into anyone dangerous than he'd make it to Stanley's fine.

The last time Richie had been to the other boy's house had been when Stan invited the losers over, they had all hung out together in Stan's room. The bird drawings that were plastered along Stan's wall were now art to Richie, even if Stanley hadn't been as great of an artist as Bill was.

He grabbed his bike from the side of his house and began peddling as fast as he could go to Stan's, the darkness consuming him as he hiked through the cold night. This was insane! Yet, if it got him out of his house then he'd do anything for it. Especially if it ended up with him at Stanley Uris' house where Richie could stay at least for that night.

After five minutes, he finally made it to Stan's house. The outside and inside was much nicer than Richie's home, Richie's home was dirty and messy. It reeked of alcohol and cigarettes, including dust which hadn't been cleaned in months and probably mold that was spreading around the house.

Richie got off of his bike and planted it on the side of the house before looking up towards Stan's bedroom window, he saw the curly haired boy move his head away from the window and leave his whole view of sight. His feet took him up the porch, exhausted was one word to describe how Richie felt right now.

The door slowly opened before Stan peeked his head out of the door where he stared towards the scrawny and small boy on his porch. "Oh my god, Richie," Stan sounded concerned.. Concerned? He was concerned for Richie? "You really weren't joking. Come in, just be very quiet." He whispered as he opened the door wider for Richie.

Once he took a step inside, he slipped off his shoes and picked them up. "T-Thank you, Stan." He whispered as he faced the other boy. "I-I.. I just--"

"Shh, we'll talk about it when we get up to my room. Did you eat earlier? Do you want me to grab some chips or something? Just to give you something to fill your empty stomach?" Richie couldn't believe Stan remembered the conversation the two had one day with the others included. It was the only time the Losers' had seen him at least somewhat serious. Richie explained how his mother or father didn't really buy food and so he would have to starve, school lunch and snacks were praises on earth to him and he never appreciated food more than anything else in the world.

What he was surprised over was the fact that Stanley even listened, half of the time the boy didn't and when he did, he would either laugh or roll his beautiful eyes.

Eyes that Richie swore he could look into all day long if he could. God was he head over heels in love with Stanley Uris that it almost made him sick, sick that he couldn't have him. Every part of Stan's body and personality was nothing but art to him, beautiful fucking art even when he would tell Richie to shut up after some joke which Richie made that was stupid. "I-uh, I couldn't do that. I couldn't take your food--" Stan wouldn't even let him finish.

"Shut up, Richie. You know you want food, when's the last time you ate?" Stanley began to make his way into the kitchen, grabbing at the cabinet and opening it up and grabbing a bag of chips that happened to be there. "Seriously, you need to eat."

Stan never sounded so concerned over Richie's life before, maybe it was because situations like this never happened between them. Yes it was Stan that Richie would always want to go to, but no situation gave him much of a chance to go to Stan. Whenever he was unable to

reach the curly haired boy, he'd go to Bill Denbrough—the second person on his list of people he would want to go to, he was always here for Bill whenever he had his problems over Eddie. “Awh, you're so concerned over me! I knew you were in love with me, no one can resist me. Why do you think I'm no longer a virgin?” Richie grinned as he took the bag of chips from Stanley.

It was dark, so maybe Richie's eyes deceived him but, he swore that Stanley's cheeks changed into a different shade of colour. Was he blushing? Over Richie? “In your dreams, Trashmouth.” Stanley smiled playfully at his joke, “You think everyone can't resist you. I know for a fact that you haven't had your first kiss, how can somebody not to be a virgin but never kissed anyone?” Stanley took the grin from Richie's face and plastered it all over his lips. “Now shut your mouth, Richie Tozier, you're lucky you're even in my house.” What Stan said was definitely playful even if Richie couldn't tell the difference. What the two have gone through were constant bumpy roller coaster rides.

“Wow, Stan the Man finally showing who is the man! Couldn't be more proud, buddy.” Richie patted at Stanley's back before he started to quietly go up the stairs while Stan followed after him. “I never took you for the dominant one though.” A snicker escaped his lips as he made it to the other boys room.

Once they were inside, Stan had closed the door behind them. Richie was busy trying to open the chips that Stan had given him because god, had he not eaten since yesterday morning.

Richie ate the last bit of Popcorn that they had left, it was all that he could really eat. What they had left was sauces or spices and Richie wasn't going to take the chance to eat those. Not by a long shot even if it would help him survive another night.

Out of the corner of Richie's eye, he saw Stan had been watching him, his eyes traced along Richie's curves like this was the only time that Stan could study him. “D-Do you need help with that?” Now Stanley was stuttering, what was this? Were they turning into Bill?

“Uh-no, I got it. I may look small but inside, I'm strong.” Richie opened the bag and then grabbed a chip, stuffing it into his mouth.

He felt embarrassed but he was very hungry, could you really blame him? “Stop staring at me, would you? A man has got to eat!”

Stanley finally rolled his eyes again, “No thank you? For a second there, I thought somebody took over your mind but now I know, it’s t-“ Richie cut him off before he could finish his sentence. He knew Stan was somewhat joking, yet Richie didn’t want to really hear it. The situation was still in his mind and it didn’t help with Stan making him feel more like shit like he usually did.

“Awh, poor Stan. You want a thank you from me? Well then, thank you.” Richie was being sarcastic at first but genuinely thanked him. He adjusted his glasses before sitting down on Stan’s bed, grabbing at another chip and trying to eat it as quietly as possible.

It was quiet for a few moments, Stan didn’t know what to say or how to react to how Richie was acting. Maybe this was the real side of Richie Tozier except Stan never got to see it because they had never really been alone together. He liked it though, he just wasn’t really used to it. Sitting down next to Richie, he looked over at the pale-faced boy. The moonlight slowly shined over him and for a moment, Stanley’s heart skipped a beat.

He admired the way he looked in the moonlight, the way his cheekbones were shaped. His fluffy hair that Stan could just reach out and pull or ran his fingers through, the freckles that hid behind his glasses. Why was Stan thinking like this? About his friend? Who was a boy? Especially Richie? Who annoyed Stanley with every living breathing moment they spent together and sometimes made Stanley laugh at Richie’s jokes or smile whenever Richie would be concerned over him?

Like the time that: “Ha-ha! Stan the Man not so much of a man after a-“ Richie had said as Stanley laid against the floor, he had fallen off his bike a few seconds earlier and for a moment, Richie didn’t think it was all that serious. A whimpering came out of Stan as he held at his leg and ankle, “S-Stan?” Richie called out as he had gotten off his bike and rushed over to the curly-haired boy.

Richie slowly looked at Stan’s ankle that he had been holding. “Shit, Stan. Are you okay?” The whimpering continued to escape Stan’s lips

as he furrowed his eyebrows. “Guys! We need to get Stan to a hospital or something! I think he broke his ankle, fuck, stop fucking around!” He yelled as he got the other boys’ attention.

A smile was curved against Stan’s lips, the fact that Richie was concerned over him was a surprise but it made Stan feel happy? He didn’t know why. He also didn’t know why his heart felt like it was going to burst out of his chest when Richie touched at his skin. Stan let go of his own leg and slowly had gotten up, he stood on both of his legs and Richie looked up at him astonished.

Then Richie realised—“Are you kidding me? You fucking asshole!” Richie stood up and punched at Stan’s arm. “I thought you actually broke your ankle, you-“

“That’ll teach you not to fucking joke around when people are hurt, Trashmouth.” Stan had pushed at Richie but in a playful way before getting on his bike again. “Thanks for being concerned for me though, Richie. Knew you loved me.” He winked before pedalling off to where the other boys were.

That was then and this is now, now Stan was debating whether he was losing his fucking mind over Trashmouth Tozier. From the moonlight, he suddenly saw a dark shade of purple which started darkening on Richie’s cheek and some part of his nose. “W-What happened? Why did you need to come here?” He asked.

Richie’s eyes began to widen for a moment before he set the chips down beside him and turned towards Stan. “It was my dad, him and my mom were arguing tonight. I had enough of it, y’know? I went downstairs and he had said something that pushed my mom over the edge, she slapped him and he punched her. I had said something to him, telling him not to touch her ever again and he grabbed my collar. He punched me and pushed me to the ground where I had gotten punched again.” He explained, all his fears slipping out of his mouth. It didn’t seem like this was the Richie that Stan had seen everyday or spoke to.

Deep inside though, Stan knew that this was who Richie had been and this was how he felt every single day. He knew that with whatever joke Richie made or whatever he did to the other losers had

been because of what he experienced at home.

He wanted the attention even if it had been bad.

“I’m so sorry.” Stanley nearly whispered those three words, his hands touching at Richie’s cheek. “If I could, I would hurt him. For hurting you.” He wondered if Stan touching his cheek was hurting Richie in any way at all.

Richie slowly leaned into the touch, his eyes closing softly as tears slowly slipped past his pale cheeks. “No, you wouldn’t. I don’t want you getting hurt, my father is unpredictable but no doubt would he have you dead in two seconds. Do you think I want you dead? You’re the last thing on this earth that’s keeping me sane and to have my father take that away from me would be the last decision he would ever have to make. I love my parents with everything in me, but if any of them took you away or hurt you? My love would run cold and dead.” What Richie said had all been true except he wished he hadn’t said all of that. At least not in the way he had said it.

It surprised Stan in so many ways, it confused him.

‘I’m the last thing on this earth that’s keeping him sane? Where the fuck is the real Richie Tozier and what has this person done to him?’ Those thoughts couldn’t help but race through Stanley’s head. “What do you mean by all of that?” And that question couldn’t help but race out of his mouth either. His curly hair had been covering his eyes but he could still see through them. He was waiting for Richie to say something witty or to make a joke out of this situation.

“I mean what I said. All of it.” There was no point in making an excuse now, Richie had known that. He couldn’t say ‘Oh fuck- Sorry, Stan the Man. I thought you were somebody else, perhaps Beverly Marsh. She’s the one that’s really keeping me sane, oh yes.’ It wasn’t Beverly Marsh keeping Richie sane, it was Stanley Uris and his pathetic fucking smile and gorgeous laugh that he had the pleasure of hearing whenever he laughed at some of Richie’s jokes. “You keep me sane.”

By now, Richie’s head was turned towards the curly-haired boy. Their eyes locked despite the darkness threatening to break that

connection, it was too late for the two to even grasp on what was happening. They didn't care.

Richie always imagined what this moment would be like in the back of his mind, what his first kiss would be like. Would it have been like in the movies? Were fireworks suppose to shoot through your veins as you continued to kiss the one person who made you feel like you were on top of the world? Would they fall in love and live happily ever after in the end? All Richie knew was that every time he would imagine it, Stanley Uris always turned out to be the blurry face in his visions.

And could Stan say the same thing? He totally could except he'd also deny it, to himself and everyone.

Before the two had known it, Stan leaned in and pressed his lips softly against the other boy's. It hadn't even been two seconds and Richie's glasses had been digging into his face but did Stan really care? Not at the moment he didn't.

With the same strength, Richie kissed back. His lips pressed firmly against Stan's, their lips were like two missing puzzle pieces that finally found each other. It was breathtaking and beautiful. Richie could confirm that it didn't feel like the movies. It felt more magical and he wanted more of it. He wanted to hold Stan's hand, he wanted to take the boy out on dates and he wanted to make him feel like the happiest boy in the world despite the judging looks or opinions of others.

Richie had pulled away first, trying to fully register the thoughts that cluttered into his mind. Those thoughts consisted of Richie freaking out over the fact that his lips were pressed against Stanley's just a moment earlier and it felt so fucking amazing. And while Richie was mentally freaking out over it, Stan had felt dizzy in the greatest way possible and he wanted to feel the feeling again—With Richie.

"That was—"

"Amazing." Oh look, they were already finishing each other's sentences. What a perfect couple to ever exist, complete opposites who couldn't attract better; Richard Tozier and Stanley Uris. "Can I

kiss you again?" Richie asked and Stan could feel his cheeks heating up so much that he felt like his mother's curling iron.

"Tomorrow before you leave you can. We need to get to bed, Trashmouth. It's almost 3am now and quite frankly, you've had enough for tonight." Stan chimed before he pulled himself off of the bed with a grin curving against those lips that still tingled from their kiss. It hadn't been hard or passionate but he could agree that it had been amazing, the feeling it gave Stanley was overwhelming that he couldn't exactly put it into words. "I'll make your bed d-"

Richie cut him off and protested, "Let me sleep up here with you? C'mon, Princess Stanley. You can't resist this Prince Charming, can you? Sir Prince Richie is always at your service!" Stanley rolled his eyes playfully, pushing at Richie's shoulder softly before going into his closet and grabbing a few extra pillows.

"I'm too tired to argue with you, Richie. I can definitely resist you but, if you ask so sweetly then why should I ever deny your requests?" Stan played along as he hopped back on his bed and handed Richie the extra pillows. "Any one can resist you. I just felt bad for you." Now that had been a joke and Stanley definitely hoped Richie knew that.

"Oh shut up, Birdie-boy. You love me." Richie hummed, "Wait till I tell the boys and Beverly that our innocent Stanley Uris decided to pull the moves on me." He wiggled his eyebrows before laying down next to Stan. "They won't believe it!"

Stan then fake gasped, turning his face towards the other boy's before squinting his eyes. "You'd better not, Richie Tozier! Or I'll tell them about how you asked if you could kiss me again and that you had been the one begging for me to kiss you that I couldn't resist!"

It was Richie's turn to fake gasp, "Begging? When did I beg? You were the one who kissed me first, buddy, I had nothing to do with it. Not only has our innocent Stanley kissed me but is now lying? Oh god, what has the world done to you!" He was being over-dramatic before letting fits of giggles out.

"You were begging me with those doe-eyes of yours." Stanley batted

his eyelashes, “Dreamy, Dreamy eyes.” He snickered and then turned around so he was no longer facing the Trashmouth. “Goodnight, Richie.” Was all he had said and Richie couldn’t respond any further except for a short ‘Goodnight’ back as he pulled off his glasses and set them down.

In the morning, Mrs. Uris had found the boy’s cuddled against one another. Richie’s legs were wrapped around Stan’s and Stan’s arms were wrapped around Richie’s waist while his face was buried against the back of Richie’s neck.

Andrea Uris had decided to speak with the two when they woke up, she trusted her son enough to know that whatever Richie had been doing in his room at 9am in the morning wrapped up against him had to be important. Truth be told, she loved Richie and was glad that Stanley had a friend like him around.

Yet, from then on when the two had woken up from their slumber..

Things had changed.

And for the first time ever, Richie had been looking completely forward to change.